

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA



THE COLLECTION OF
NORTH CAROLINIANA
ENDOWED BY
JOHN SPRUNT HILL
CLASS OF 1889

C378
UK3
1838M


UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL



00036720922

**This book must not
be taken from the
Library building.**

--	--	--



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

ALUMNI AND THE SENIOR CLASS,

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA:

IN GERARD HALL:

ON THE DAY PRECEDING THE

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT,

IN JUNE, 1838.

UNDER THE APPOINTMENT OF THE

DIABETIC SOCIETY.

By CHARLES MANLY, Esquire.

~~~~~  
PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF SAID SOCIETY.

~~~~~  
RALEIGH, N. C.

Printed by T. Loring, at the Office of the North Carolina Standard.

~~~~~  
1838.





*University of North Carolina.*

Dear Sir:

An agreement has been lately entered into by the two Societies, for the purpose of electing a member annually, and alternately from each body, to deliver an address before the Senior Class and the Alumni of the University, on Wednesday afternoon preceding Commencement. As president of the Dialectic Society, I have the pleasure to inform you that you have been chosen to deliver the address, alluded to above. This being a new, and, we think, an important addition to the exercises of the Commencement, we feel very anxious that it should succeed.—Permit me, therefore, individually and in behalf of the Society, to beg that you will give it the sanction of your name, and recommend it, by your acceptance, to those who may be hereafter selected; for we feel assured that the Society could not have selected an individual, more able to give to the exercise dignity and importance, and place it on a level with the oration delivered before the two Societies, on Wednesday morning.

You will please to let me hear from you as soon as you can with convenience.

I am, sir, your ob't servant,

CHARLES J. CRADDOCK.

To CHARLES MANLY, Esq.

*Chapel Hill, 28th June, 1838.*

Dear Sir:

We tender to you the thanks of the Dialectic Society, for the excellent address delivered by you on the 27th inst., to the Senior Class and Alumni of the University, and respectfully request of you a copy for publication.

Yours, with the highest respect,

JOHN N. BARKSDALE,

P. E. BRADLEY,

W. F. BROWN.

To CHARLES MANLY, Esq'r.

---

*Raleigh, 1st July, 1838.*

Young Gentlemen:

I yield my assent to the publication of the desultory address delivered by me, during the last Commencement exercises—not from a consciousness of its possessing any intrinsic merit, or of its deserving a place in your archives—but in obedience to custom, and from a desire to gratify the wishes of the Society you represent, whose request you have so politely communicated.

With sentiments of the highest

respect, I am, gentlemen,

Your ob't serv't,

CHAS. MANLY.

To Messrs. J. N. BARKSDALE, }  
P. E. BRADLEY, } Committee.  
W. F. BROWN. }

## An Address,

Delivered in Gerard Hall, 1838.

---

GENTLEMEN ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY:—

The pious Pilgrim who wanders many thousand miles to visit the Holy Land, feels, as he treads the hallowed ground, invigorated and refreshed in his Christian warfare.

The voluntary exile from his native home, who ranges o'er the world in pursuit of its happiness, its honors, or its riches, revisits with gladsome heart the place where

“Once in life’s gay spring he used to roam.”

The Alumni of our Alma Mater, with kindred sympathies, have come hither on this joyous anniversary.— They have come to rekindle at her altar their early attachments, the flame of sacred friendship. To catch fresh inspiration of that spirit which once glowed in their bosoms, when, amidst these peaceful retreats, unshackled by the cares, and unvexed by the duplicity of the world, they contended in the noble strife of generous emulation.

Our Classic Jubilee, is indeed, full of sublime attractions. The sober affections of the aged, the ardent hearts of the young, and the thrice welcome plaudits of the softer sex, without whose inspiring influence, fancy languishes, and genius dies, have all come up to this Temple of science, to pay their homage at her shrine, and to reward with their presence and their smiles her youthful votaries.

When we contemplate the scenes which surround us, the edifices erected, the Professorships established, the standard of classical instruction and of intellectual philosophy now prevailing in our University, and revert to the

early period of her history, our minds are filled with wonder at her advancement. We have seen her struggling for existence, against the false imputations and unjust prejudices of the public, of her being a sectarian Seminary, a nursery for the sons of the wealthy alone.—We have seen her languishing under pecuniary embarrassments—her energies paralyzed by a load of debt, and her rightful guardians and protectors abandoning her to swift destruction. And we have seen her Trustees naked fiduciaries, unmoved by interest, unarmed by power, and unclothed with patronage, sustaining her with unflinching steadiness. We have seen them disencumbering her of her embarrassments, animating her hopes, and under the most discouraging circumstances, and with the most precarious means, placing her beyond the reach of her unnatural enemies; investing her with liberal endowments, and *offering gratuitously* the waters of her Pierian fountain, to all who will come and drink.\*

The genius of this mighty republic, which has urged our country on, with the eagle's flight in the race of nations, has likewise kept her sacred vigils here. We see our Alma Mater keeping pace with the progress of science and literature; and from the humble pretensions of a grammar school, elevated and dignified to the rank of the most distinguished seminaries of the Land.

In this proud retrospect of the past, and these bright anticipations of her future destiny, still, our hearts are here filled with mournful contemplations of the utter mu-

---

\* By an Ordinance of the Board of Trustees: "Any native of the State, desirous of prosecuting his studies in the University, who shall furnish satisfactory evidence of good talents, studious habits and exemplary morals, and who shall be unable to defray the expense of tuition and room rent, may at the discretion of the Faculty, be admitted to all the recitations of the Classes, free of any demand therefor."

tability of all things. We look around on this sequestered spot, and recognize the same venerable oaks, under whose umbrageous foliage we have so oft reclined. We walk abroad upon the hills; revisit our former haunts and retrace the inscription we have rudely carved, on some ancient beach, or listen to the murmurings of the same stream, along whose quiet banks we have so often strayed, and recall our golden visions and romantic dreams; but, where are our companions? Where the wild laugh that used to re-echo through these solitudes? Where that kind look, that gentle spirit, that kindred soul, which won our confidence and love?

“Alas! we miss him on the accustomed hill,  
 Along the heath and near his favorite tree  
 We look in vain, nor yet beside the rill  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood is he.”

Here too, as with lingering step we pace these Halls, we meet, in imagination, at every pass, the genius of this place. But 'tis fancy's interview.

Where is now that venerable form, that dignified brow, that parental voice, that once pervaded this whole community? He, who in early life came into the Institution, nourished her infancy, invigorated her manhood, and who adhered to her with unflinching tenderness and fidelity, in the darkest hour of her penury and affliction? Where is now that great Apostle, who illuminated the sacred fires of science, and adorned her beauties?—Where the revered and faithful instructor, whose zealous and untiring care it was, to instil into our minds the wisdom of this world, and to teach us the way to Heaven? The nothingness of this world's greatness, points to yonder monument, beneath whose humble piles his venerated bones repose. Go there, and learn from the distinc-

tive lines, of the character of JOSEPH CALDWELL; to unite his energy, his quickness of decision, his promptitude in action, his perseverance in duty, his devoted patriotism, and exalted piety.

Thither let us all repair and bedew his ashes with the tear of affection. Green be the sod and unfading its verdure, that rests upon that consecrated spot :

“ Si quid ad famam valent  
 Mens omnigenæ doctrinæ capax  
 Variis artibus ingenuis valde ornata  
 Animus-que pius, liberalis, benignus,  
 Nec non vita literis provehendis confecta  
 Et laboribus assiduïs in commodum publicum  
 Mortui haud cito delebitur memoria.”

You, into whose laps the treasures of knowledge have been poured, and who have gone forth into the busy walks of life, stand, before God and posterity, in a post of high responsibility to your country. She needs the aid of enlightened patriotism. Guard well her honor.

The loss of it, is the sure precursor to her destruction. Look at the history of other republics. Behold the once proud fabric of the Roman empire. Once the acknowledged mistress of the world, in arts, and genius, and arms, Rome is now an inferior city, known only by the solemn ruins of its ancient splendor.

Where is now her glory ? her civilians, her philosophers, her military heroes ? Departed ; gone forever.— The intrepid virtue of that Republic, sunk into the timid slavishness of despotism. Her character gone, her national pride subdued, vandalism soon desolated her classic fields. Let us take instruction from her example, and be wise without suffering the ills of her experience. Extend over our people the shield of an honorable national character, and they will confide in and respect the government.—

Teach them that the ejaculation "I am an American citizen," covers them with honor, and encircles them as with a purpse throughout the world, and they will be ready to rush to her rescue and defence against assaults from without, and the corruptions of demagogues and ambitious leaders within. I charge you, as you value your country's glory and national existence, strive to check her spirit of avarice and thirst for plunder. The restless spirit of our people is bent alone on wealth. The vast regions of our unexplored territory invite cupidity. Where do you find a man who regards himself as permanently settled? How few do you see occupying the homes and places of their fathers. Seduced by this passion, falsely called *enterprize*, you behold, on all sides, neighborhoods and families dispersed, the parental roof abandoned by our offspring ere they arrive at maturity; men cutting loose the tenderest associations; quitting the houses they have built, the trees which they have planted, the fields which have nourished them, and which contain the ashes of their forefathers. These habits may impart vigor and boldness to the character of our people, but they are not calculated to give stability to public virtue.

When wealth comes to be regarded as the chief good, and virtuous poverty to be despised, the moral sense of the community is infected, and they soon become the prey of their own licentiousness and vice. What but this thirst for plunder and contempt of national character, impels our government in her Indian policy? Why are these poor houseless savages hunted down like wild beasts, butchered in their hammocks, or driven by the unrighteous arm of power from their home and their country? Compelled to submit to arbitrary stipulations, falsely called treaties, on the one hand, and on the other, *betrayed and*



*kidnapped by violations of the nation's flag.* See their Osceolas, too proud to submit, too brave to be conquered, entrapped by the perfidious display of a Flag of Truce, and doomed to languish and die ; not in chivalrous strife, with steel to steel, but the tardy and ignominious death of captive slaves. Who will not blush when he dispassionately reads this dark page of his country's degradation.— Who would not see the lagoons and morasses and swamps of the Seminoles, struck from creation's map, rather than behold the "*star spangled banner*," our national ægis, thus tarnished and desecrated ? And why all this ? Because the *white man wants their land*. Look to the Cherokees. For many years the benevolent policy of this government, pursuing the suggestions of our illustrious Washington, was employed in the laudable and pious task of civilizing these savages. Implements of husbandry and of the mechanic arts were furnished them ; schools established, and the blessings of christian light and truth patronized and sent to them : and now, amidst the successful tide of these experiments, their institutions are to be broken up, their fields and altars sacked, the cup of civilization, as soon as tasted, snatched from their lips, and they doomed to lapse again into hordes of wandering barbarians :

" \* \* \* \* The shrill trump,

" The spirit stirring drum, the ear piercing fife,

" The pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war "

have lately burst upon the astonished head of our own quiet State. Yes : Even old North Carolina snuffs the tainted breeze. And although living with this people in unbroken amity, she, too, is called upon by the General Government to pollute her hands with this unhallowed work of robbery and murder. They have long lived within our borders, unfelt and unseen. Our citizens, east of



the Alleghany, barely knew, until recently, that we even possessed such a population.

One of their chiefs, being lately asked by the humane and gallant officer of our army, charged with the execution of this order, whether they intended to resist their removal, replied : “ We shall interpose no barrier. We will shed not one drop of blood. But not a Cherokee will go unless tied and dragged by cords and chains.” What a spectacle do we exhibit to the civilized world ? A great and powerful nation ; the boasted asylum of the persecuted and distressed, the nursing mother *of law and of equal rights*, pouring out her treasures and her armies, to expatriate this poor remnant of the children of the forest.

And for what ? Because we want their land.

Well may they swear eternal vengeance ; and even the stones of their deserted wigwams rise and mutiny.— ’Tis a national sin ; a stain upon our country’s honor.

The Almighty possesses no attribute that can take part with us in such a controversy ; the Great Spirit, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground, and who feeds the hungry ravens when they cry, will, it is to be feared, avenge the wrongs of these oppressed people, and sooner or later, hurl his heaviest thunderbolts

“ \* \* \* \* \* Against

“ The deep damnation of their taking off—”

I make no allusion here to party politics. These remarks cannot be legitimately applied to either of the great political parties of this nation. They are not divided by this question.

Stand forth, then, my friends, and rebuke this spirit of avarice and rapine.

Strive to preserve our national character ; to fill our councils with enlightened patriotism, and our public offices with *gentlemen*.

Despise the demagogue, whether he call himself democrat or federalist, whig or tory, conservative or loco foco. Let talent and virtue, and merit, be the passport to power and place and not boisterous huzzahs, in praise of some successful party Chief.

Know that freedom is bliss, and that honor is strength.

“What constitutes a State ?

“Not high raised battlement or labored mound,

“Thick wall or moated gate,

“Not cities proud with spires of beauty crowned ;

“Not bays and broad armed ports

“Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;

“Nor starred and spangled courts,

“Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

“No—men—high minded men,

“These constitute a State.”

#### YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE PHILANTHROPIC AND DIALECTIC SOCIETIES :

Were I a candidate for literary fame, seeking to secure a niche in her fair temple, I should have denied myself the honor of this Address.

Having entered at an early age, upon the busy and varied employments of an active life ; accustomed to the impromptu suggestions of the moment, without regard to the elegance of classic diction or set forms of speech, and having received a very short notice of your demand upon me, duty and self-respect, would have compelled me to have retired from the task of appearing before this dignified and enlightened assembly. Regarding, however, the important relation which your Societies bear to the prosperity of the college, and as an humble member of the Board of Trustees, desirous of sustaining your regu-

lations; and fearing the want of time for preparation, might in like manner deter others, and your wishes be thus entirely frustrated, I determined at once to accept your invitation. I was impelled to this decision by another reflection. From a long and intimate acquaintance with the character of the young men of this college, I felt a consciousness that the humblest production would be sustained, when offered in obedience to your call; and that I should find in your sympathetic and ingenuous bosoms, a generous glow of satisfaction, even with the imperfections and poverty of the effort.

The history of the Institutions under whose auspices we are now assembled, is replete with lessons of practical wisdom.

In the year 1795 a voluntary association of the young men of the college was formed, under the name and style of the Dialectic Society, for the cultivation of science and the social virtues; laws ordained; a government in miniature established. In the year 1798, some of the members of this Society, not in a spirit of restless opposition and rebellion, but with the laudable motive of stimulating virtuous ambition in scholastic attainments, at the suggestion of the late venerable President CALDWELL, then professor of mathematics, peaceably withdrew, and established the Philanthropic Society.

For nearly half a century, these Institutions have pursued the even tenor of their way, having no other guarantee for their existence, than their own intrinsic excellence.

Claiming no perpetuity from chartered rights, unprotected by the laws, they have lived and flourished in the unsophisticated virtue of their members.

While the thousand associations of the day, have dis-

solved and passed off with the ephemeral ebullitions that gave them birth ; while within the period of your existence, republics, kingdoms, and empires have arisen, and in the mighty mutations of human affairs, are now known only as things that have been—your Societies stand as a great *beacon light*, teaching by that living motto, emblazoned on their escutcheons, that human Institutions can only be stable, when fixed upon the immutable basis of virtue. Amid the revolutions that distract the world, let the spirit of faction and of mad ambition, stand rebuked at the majestic example of your constancy and love of order. Let the genius of emulation, as she wends her toilsome way up the the rugged steep of fame, take fresh energy and courage, at the contemplation of the high achievements secured by steady perseverance.

Little did the framers of your constitutions suppose, when they were penning those instruments, that they were giving to the deeds the impress of immortality, and registering their names for posterity, high as the founders of a race : little did they think, that the few old school books and cheap novels, and odd volumes of history, which, first were cast into common stock, and which, even within my remembrance, were kept in a few old trunks, was the nucleus, around which would arise those magnificent collections. Libraries, which regarded for the costliness of their materials, for the range and taste and variety of their selection, or the splendid drapery of their exterior, need not blush at a comparison with any in our country. Read in the sympathetic countenances of many here, the feelings of exultation, with which their bosoms glow, when, after a long absence they come back to your halls, and witness your advancement. Long may your Societies flourish, the nursery of science and know-

ledge, and of the kind affections and sympathies of life ; the patrons of social order and decorum ; the cradle of high-souled honor ; the scourge of indolence ; the bane of selfishness, and meanness.

Your Societies, young Gentlemen, are identified with this University. They have become great arteries in the system, indispensable to its vitality. Without your active co-operation, the laws of the college are impotent, and nugatory. The dread of your displeasure carries more terror than all the majesty of the laws and the authority of the Faculty and Trustees combined ; you are emphatically an "*imperium in imperio* ;" "a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself." There is not an individual in this assembly, acquainted with this place, who does not know that what I say is true. Occupying then, as you do, this high ground ; in the name of the Trustees and Faculty of the University, I invoke your powerful aid, in sustaining its discipline, in encouraging industry and good manners, and in suppressing vice.

#### GENTLEMEN OF THE SENIOR CLASS :

The present is the most interesting period of your lives. You are about to separate from each other, after a close union of four years, to mingle in the wide world before you, and to leave forever those Academic retreats, which must be consecrated by so many affecting recollections.

Standing on the threshold of manhood, ready to launch forth on the ocean of life, and fondly dreaming each wind and star your friend, it is fit that you should pause, and arm yourselves against her tempestuous billows, and the seductive serenity of her surface ;—to provide yourselves with charts for this perilous voyage, and

to keep an eye steadfast on those *great lights*, set up to conduct and save the mariner from her shoals and whirlpools.

At such a crisis, when you are about to cast away the pillars on which your dependant lives have leaned, and to assume the responsibility of your own destiny, I will not flatter you by the vain illusion that the eyes of the world are upon you and rejoicing to see you

“Climb

The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar.”

Nor will I damp the ardor of your course, by portraying the world as full of fraud and treachery, by teaching you that friendship is but an empty name, and besetting your path with the apprehension of assassins. It is not my purpose to invite your attention to any theme drawn from the depths of abstraction, demanding for its illustration the resources of learning, or for its embellishment, the inspiration of poetry. But surrounded as you are, on the one hand, by friends, who, full of anxiety, are congratulating you on your entrance upon this great theatre, and on the other, by associates, who, with heavy hearts are bidding you an affectionate adieu ; suffer me to avail myself of the tender sensibility which such a moment awakens, to impress upon your hearts the value of FILIAL PIETY. To you, the topic may be trite and common.—To your assiduity in your studies, submission to authority, and gentlemanly intercourse, the President and Faculty of the college bear ample testimony, and the possession of these virtues is a faithful presage of your having fulfilled these high behests. Placing it, however, at the head of the social duties, and regarding, as I do, the value of its holy influence on our lives and actions, the subject cannot, in my estimation, be too often pressed upon the memory of the young.



The contemplation of this subject arises irresistibly on an occasion like the present.

It is impossible to look upon this assembly of young men, collected here, from various quarters of our country, to think of the purpose for which you have been thus assembled, and the different circumstances under which you have come together, without bestowing a thought on those dear friends you have left behind. When your condition, young gentlemen, is contrasted with that of the thousands of the youth around you, who, chilled by penury, or given up by parental abandonment to sloth and indolence, have never turned their faces towards the goal whither you are aiming, and are doomed to perish, like the beasts around them; when we regard your favored position in life, the facilities that have been here afforded you, of elevating your future destiny, of identifying yourselves with your country's glory, and of learning the way to God, how should your bosoms burn with gratitude and love for the authors of such signal privileges.

The kindness and solicitude of your parents, present to you the most powerful incentives to your future exertion. With what tenderness have they administered to your wants in helpless infancy—with what patience borne your indiscretions in wayward childhood—with what anxiety watched your steps in erring youth. No care has been too severe, no self-denial too painful, no sacrifices too great which would contribute to your felicity. To you the meridian of life has been constantly devoted; on you their treasures expended. Treasures! There may be some, whose collegiate course has been sustained by the daily toil of a parent's own hand: Aye; some perhaps from the scanty savings of a widowed mother! A mo-

ther encountering the chilling ills of penury, shut out, voluntarily, from the enjoyments of social life; herself the tenant of a garret, that her narrow income might meet the expenses of your education here. For all this affection and kindness and toil, the only reward they expect, the only requital they ask, is, that when you enter upon the world you will act worthy of yourselves, and not dishonor them. And shall this requital be denied them? Will you, by your folly disturb the tranquility of age, rob declining life of its few remaining pleasures, and snatch away from the hands of your dotting parents the last cup of earthly consolation? The chord that vibrates from your generous hearts yields, I feel assured; the ready response.

You will never know, till the bitterness of ingratitude shall teach you, the extent of your duties towards them, nor learn the depth of the abiding, unchanging affection which they bear towards you. Neither loss of character, nor abandoned life, nor even black ingratitude itself can eradicate this feeling from the parent's bosom. What beautiful illustrations of this truth are furnished in the Holy Scriptures. That volume, which, in the language of the greatest philosopher and jurist that ever lived, contains "more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other Books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed."

Let us pause and contemplate its sublime pages, in the history of one of the Jewish Princes.

He was a tall and comely youth, we are told, and his father loved him exceedingly.

Heir of the throne of Israel, reared in the lap of luxu-



ry and ease, all the wishes of his heart were indulged with alacrity by his Royal Father, and his aberrations covered by the mantle of affection. When urged by the direful spirit of malice and revenge, he becomes the murderer of his brother, and is compelled to flee his country, the offended majesty of the laws is made to yield to the demands of parental tenderness, and the wandering exile is brought back and restored to his father's confidence and protection. Sullied by the corruptions of his own heart, and stimulated by wicked counsellors and corrupt associates, this atrocious youth advances from one degree of enormity to another, till, by the blandishments of flattery and the seductive wiles of intrigue, he corrupts the fealty of his father's subjects, and plots a deep and dark conspiracy to rob him of his throne and kingdom. Impatient of the tardy development of his treason and rebellion, fired with the lust of rioting unchecked in the voluptuousness of the palace, he approves the horrible counsel of a confederate, and raises his parricidal arm to imbue it in his father's blood. A king, the greatest monarch of the earth, venerable for his years and victories, sacred in his character, both for piety and prophecy, renowned for prowess and revered for wisdom, is reduced to the condition of a fugitive—to a sudden and extreme necessity of flying for his life from the presence of his own son ! With a heavy heart, and a covered head, and a weeping eye, and bare feet, **DAVID**, we are told, went away from Jerusalem ; driven by the insurrection of his own son from his house and from his throne. Yet when the victorious hosts of Israel were issuing from their gates, to rescue their great leader from such unnatural peril, and to blast the machinations of this ruthless Bandit, the illustrious Patriarch remembers that he is his son. Regarding him with unbroken

affection, and apologizing for his crimes as the wayward vagaries of youth, he charges his captains that "they deal gently with the young man for his sake." And when arrested in his traitorous warfare by the vengeance of the Almighty, and suddenly overwhelmed in awful destruction, this incestuous murderer and parricide is found suspended between the heavens and the earth, in token of his being an unfit inhabitant of either ; and when the intelligence of his death is announced ; instead of exulting in his own rescue and in his restoration to his estates and crown, the father is only overwhelmed with still deeper affliction in his *bereavement of a child*. Forgetting the wrongs and insults that had been heaped upon him, regardless of his own existence and strangled with grief, in the plenitude of a heart bursting with the pangs of parental anguish, he exclaims, in the resistless eloquence of woe :

" Oh my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom,

" Would to God I had died for thee !

" Oh Absalom, my son, my son ! !"

The Almighty regards with favorable eye the efforts of filial duty. The first promise in the Decalogue is to him that honoreth his father and mother. It is the primal bond of society which the world, depraved and corrupt as it may be, respects with deferential homage.

Who is there that does not admire the filial love of the great Epaminondas, who declared that the greatest pleasure which the renowned victory of Leuctra had afforded him, consisted in the reflection that his aged parents had lived to rejoice in his fortune ? It was a noble spectacle, amidst the flames that were consuming Troy, and while the eager multitude were intent only on rescuing their paltry treasure, to see the dutiful Eneas bearing on

his shoulder the venerable Anchises, his aged father, to a place of safety.

We can scarcely contemplate a sublimer spectacle than that of a virtuous youth urged on in his struggle for knowledge, not only by the love of science and by a sense of its importance, but burning with the holy purpose of making, by his mental triumphs, a father's heart beat with delight, and a mother's breast glow with rapture; sacrificing, with manly energy, the customary follies of his age, yielding his soul to the effort, and, like a successful competitor in a mighty race, pressing onward to the goal of honors, fame, and wealth. If the bosom of a parent ever burn with joy, it is in witnessing the efforts of such a son.

If when contemplating the possibility of his own premature dismissal from the world, his soul can advert with comfort to any anchor for the shattered vessel which he leaves behind, it is when revolving in the recesses of his burdened mind the prospects and fortunes of his bereaved family, he augurs from the energy, the decision, the diligence, the character of *a son*, that his wife and children will yet have *one around whom* they may cling with hope; one arm to stay them in distress; one pillar to support them; one shield to ward from them the perils of desolate widowhood and of orphan helplessness.

Take, then, young gentlemen, a retrospect of your past lives; and when, from the giddy thoughtlessness of youth, your consciences shall reproach and chide you with neglect and disobedience, hasten to ask forgiveness, and renew your vows of veneration and fidelity.

And be assured, my dear young friends, that when the progress of time or the casualties of life, or the invasions of disease shall bring on that painful moment in

## 22.

which you are to take a last look of the parent who has watched and worked for you, the remembrance of your efforts to gratify him, will send through your hearts a thrill of satisfaction, which monarchs on a throne might envy.



